

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 90.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

AT

\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It is understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

George G. Barnes.

The Indian Witness, published at Calcutta, has this to say of Mr. Barnes in connection with the Lucknow Deshrah meetings:

A notable feature of the recent gathering was the presence of the Rev. G. O. Barnes, the celebrated "Mountain Evangelist" of Kentucky. Mr. Barnes is a man of striking presence, of strong individuality, of superior gifts as a speaker, and of religious views which are so completely out of line with the mass of evangelical teachers that his presence is sure to be quickly recognized wherever he goes. His first little talk was on straight Methodist lines, and delivered in Methodist phraseology. His second was a statement of his experience, in which he told of his conversion and entire sanctification, but added a third blessing, the discovery of the gospel of faith-healing. At the next meeting, or rather after the meeting, he unfolded some of his peculiar views in a brief talk to the unconverted, which startled his hearers not a little. It seemed very much like telling them that they were all right if they only knew it, but no doubt Mr. Barnes would disclaim any such statement. At the next meeting some twenty or thirty persons rose to intimate that they were not satisfied with his experience. They soon received some advice which was very unusual on such occasions, and the leader of the meeting was unkind enough to intimate that discordant doctrine would not be in order in the subsequent services. Mr. Barnes is a thorough Christian, and can exercise the gift of silence without accepting any offense, and so during the rest of the meetings he made no effort to obtrude his peculiar views publicly on the people. He gave one of the addresses in the tent on Thursday evening, and not only spoke with power, but kept within the straight lines of simple gospel.

A TYPECASTING MACHINE.—Perhaps the most interesting thing about the foundry are the tiny casting machines that pour out an endless stream of type as long as they are at work. "These snug little fellows," said the founder, patting with his hand the odd little mass of machinery before which he stood, "can throw out more type in one day than a man working ten hours a day can count in a month." The metal is kept fluid by a little furnace underneath the machinery and is projected into the mould by a pump. The mould is movable and at every revolution of the crank is brought to the spout, where it receives a fresh charge of the metal. A spring in front of the mould holds close to it a copper matrix, and the stamp of the letter on the matrix is directly opposite the aperture in the mould which meets the spout of the pump.—[Philadelphia Times.

The latest abbreviation crank hails from Illinois. He registered at a south side hotel thus: "Y & et." It was deciphered to indicate "Wyandott." Out in Kansas they always write Leavenworth "11 worth." and Wyandott "Y & et." All this is done in the interest of economy—not through indolence. There was a man once whose name was James Hole, and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched holes in the paper. John Underwood of Andover, Mass. always signed himself:

"Wood,

J.

Maa."

A SPELL OF WEATHER.—The old wooden school-house at Log Hollow was crowded by people who had come to take a part in the spelling-match. Finally it came to a blacksmith's turn to stand up. The word "weather" was given to him.

"W-e-a-t-h-e-r," he said.

And as he sat down, the oldest inhabitant, who was doing on one of the back benches, started in time to remark it was the worst spell of weather he had ever known, with an experience that extended back some seventy odd years.—[Sam.

The Palmer House, Chicago, has been issuing a ticket to regular boarders, which they are required to show at the dining-room. They also rent on European plan. Some of their patrons have been working in couples—a scheme to beat the hotel, which has just been broken up. Two friends register—one as a regular boarder; the other simply rents a room. One gets a ticket, uses it, then loans it to his friend. So on ad infinitum.

A remarkable feature of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Vansickle was the presence of six brothers and sisters of the aged groom who were at the original wedding fifty years ago. Such an unbroken family record is rarely met with.—[Newton (N. J.) Register.

The hedgehog is the favorite food of the gypsies, and those who have eaten of it cooked by them in their travelling caravans in England say it is excellent. Hedgehogs are nicest in the fall months, and are said to be more delicious than plums.

Stonewall Jackson.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should prepare for the worst. He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Savior.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much that he desired to tell her about but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind till the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!"

"Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!"

"Tell Maj. Hawks—" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward and, slightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful? Was ever rest so anticipated or Heaven so revealed?—[Detroit Free Press.

The waste of food in hotels and restaurants, says the Chicago Times, is something enormous. In London this waste is partially utilized by the Sisters of Mercy, who keep some one constantly in the kitchen to save the scraps as well as the articles that are returned from the dining rooms. These are carefully sorted and put in covered baskets. The soups, chowders and gravies are placed in cans or buckets. At night a covered wagon comes and takes them away. Some of the articles are taken to hospitals and asylums, the others are distributed among those of the sick and poor who are deserving.

Every one has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be most effective. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is the usually most convenient time for applying this remedy.

"Doctor, I have been terribly bitten by—"

"Ah, indeed. Well, you must take the first steamer for Paris, and—"

"But, doctor, it was not a dog that bit me, but a snake."

"Oh, I see. You must take the first canal-boat for Paris, Ky.—[Philadelphia Press.

A dispatch says a sausage sixty-four feet long was turned out of a factory in Mapleton, Pa. recently. It should have been. A sausage of that respectable size should be made of delicious meat.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The ice brigade was out in full force. —Cattle feeders seem to be envious of those who are lucky enough to have no stock.

—The whipping post would be awful bad medicine to take before breakfast these mornings.

—The bachelors who were sold a few days since are anxious to be claimed by the fair purchasers.

—The man who enquired: "Is it cold enough for you?" is thought to be done for—general rejoicing, therefore.

—How is the weather? Thermometers here registered 18° below zero Tuesday morning with downward tendency.

—Dr. Ed Alcorn is spending the winter in New York in order to learn the latest developments of the science of medicine.

—Pleasant McKinney is not thinking of atmospheric squalls any more. His baby is capable of supplying all demands in that line.

—The prophets who predicted a mild winter are revising their calculations in order to find where the mistake lies—or the prediction lied. On one point there is great unanimity.

—Give me credit for not having quoted a line from the beautiful snow. The deposition of the article here—varying from 7 inches to 7 feet in favored localities—is too immense to suggest the idea of beautiful—especially when a man's wood pile is five miles from home.

—Will Frye Carpenter, who has been sick for some time, died on Sunday P. M. His malady is described as typhoid dysentery. Mr. C. was one of our prominent citizens, in the prime of life, prosperous, an active officer in the Christian church, and a member of the Masonic order. He was within a few days of having completed his 50th year. A young and estimable wife and three small children survive to mourn his sudden departure.

"I am very tired," said the lady at the head of the boarding-house table the other morning, to the good-natured minister, who sat at the other end. "You should not be," said the parson; "you didn't preach a sermon yesterday." "No," said the lady, almost unconsciously, "but I listened to one." Then followed the oppressive silence, which gave the minister time to reflect that he had come out only second best.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

We close with the trust that when the corroding tooth of time shall harrow us no more and the tangling perplexities of life shall no longer harass the soul, when we all shall gather ourselves together and surrender to the black banner of death, may the comfort of a life well spent and the consciousness of duty performed usher us into grander realities, where the refrain of angels is hushed in the song of eternity.—[Ellijay (Ga.) Courier's New Editor's Salutatory.

"Have you any physicians here?" asked a tourist of a resident of Murphy.

"No we haven't," was the savage rejoinder, "and we don't want none, nuther."

"Why not?"

"Kase when any on us w'at to die it's cheaper to shoot ourselves than to have a fool doctor to bungle the job."—[California Maverick.

Joseph Jefferson ("Rip Van Winkle"), with his family, has gone to his new home on Oregon Island, in New Iberia Parish, Louisiana, where he has purchased lands, built houses and has hundreds of orange trees bearing fruit. It is said that after this season he will retire permanently from the stage and spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of his new home.—[N. Y. Sun.

Congress will probably sit until the second week in August. In the Presidential year it goes home a month earlier, to see about its fences. The general idea that hot weather drives the Congressmen out of Washington is not correct. Many members come from hotter places; many others would go back to hotter ones, if they did not let their constituents cool off.—[Current.

Recent explorers in Alaska came upon a native village containing eleven males, five of whom were deaf mutes, while one of the women was wholly deaf. This state of things is accounted for by the steady intermarriage, as no other Indians lived within several days' journey.

Napoleon lost in his retreat from Moscow 400,000 men. Of them 125,000 were killed, 132,000 died of hunger and disease and 183,000 were taken prisoners or deserted. Many of them joined him again and the actual loss did not probably exceed 200,000.

Over \$6,000 worth of feathers have been sold from the twenty-one grown ostriches at the Anaheim ostrich farm, Los Angeles, Cal., during the past seven months.

The value of the pig iron produced in this country in 1885 was \$73,000,000, or nearly as much as the combined values of the gold and silver products.

Ordinary pencil marks can be preserved by coating them over with a solution of collodion to which 2 per cent. of stearine has been added.

The Congregationalist church at Wallingford, Conn., has had but five pastors in a continuous period of two hundred years of church life.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Fogg's Ferry will be the attraction at the City Hall the evening of Jan. 21st.

—The remains of Mr. James Middleton, of Kirkville, were interred here Monday.

—The postoffice is now at Capt. Pascock's jewelry store. The new furniture has arrived and is very handsome.

—The half interest of W. L. Withers in the hardware store of Withers & Rice, was bought Tuesday by A. H. Rice for \$910.

—J. V. Barber, of Pulaski, was tried here last Saturday charged with illicit whisky traffic and was held over in a bond of \$200 for his appearance before the U. S. Court at Louisville, to which place he was sent in default of bond.

—Humphrey Best was fined \$60 Tuesday for drawing his pistol on some negroes. He was arrested the same evening and lodged in jail for a breach of the peace. He paid a fine of \$20 and was released, but was shortly afterwards arrested and tried on a peace warrant and was required to give a bond of \$1,000, which he did.

—Rev. W. I. Fowle died Tuesday morning after a lingering illness of consumption. He was in his 30th year and a conscientious Christian. A devoted wife and three children are left to mourn his death. The funeral will occur Friday at 10 A. M. at the Christian church. Rev. John S. Shouse will deliver the funeral sermon assisted by Revs. Goodloe and Walden.

How to Keep Up Fires.

As winter is here and much fuel is wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates, it would be well to try the following, copied from an exchange: "They should be fed with a little coal at the time and often. But servants, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which can not give out heat until it becomes red hot. Hence, for awhile, the room is cold, but when it becomes aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal on the red. This will soon kindle, and as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out. Many also put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes, when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal is well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternations of heat and cold above referred to."

Simple integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to poor and rich alike, giving to each one his rightful dues, striving neither to over-sell or under-buy goods or labor, incurring no debts that admit a possible doubt of being promptly met, and luring no one else to do so—in short, carrying out in the daily life the principles of honesty and fairness—is the very best and most efficient means of benefiting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolent worthy of the name.—[Ex.

The best rules form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it.—[Sir W. Temple.

The annual loss of gold by attrition, shipwreck, fire, etc., is very small, not quite two tons, or \$280,000.

Texas makes highway robbery punishable by an imprisonment of not less than ten years.

It is estimated that the peanut crop of the South this year will be worth \$3,000,000.

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CANDIDATES.

W. B. WITHERS

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democracy.

E. D. KENNEDY

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GEORGE S. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. M. JOHNSON

Is a Candidate for Assessor of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

WILLIS C. BARNETT

Is a Candidate for the office of Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to primary election of the Democratic party.

W. T. SAUNDERS

Is a Candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democracy.

T. M. PENNINGTON

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. B. PAXTON

Is a candidate for County Attorney, subject to the primary election to occur the first Saturday in March.

JUDGE W. O. HANSFORD

Is a Candidate for County Attorney of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE T. W. VARNON

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. D. SWOPE

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

GEORGE B. COOPER

Is a candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES P. BAILEY

Is a candidate for Circuit Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

T. D. NEWLAND

Is a candidate for Sheriff of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

W. L. DAWSON

Is a candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS

Is a candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

D. R. CARPENTER,

Is a Candidate for re-election as County Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES W. ALCORN

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge in the 3rd District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

R. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

O. H. WADDLE

Is a Candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JOHN S. VAN WINKLE

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge of the 8th District, subject to the Primary election of the Democratic party to be held the 1st Saturday in March, 1886.

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STANFORD, KY.,

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The Second Term of the present session will begin Feb. 1st, 1886. Location pleasant; discipline strict but firm; instruction thorough. Pupils received at any time. Send for circular. [36-2m]

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(1854-1877.)

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W. P. WALTON.

We are under constant obligations to Hon. J. B. McCreary for many public documents, including the *Congressional Record*, the contents of which are at this time of extraordinary interest. We only wish we had at our disposal the time necessary to peruse these documents thoroughly, as they contain much instruction in reference to public affairs, which is needed by too many of us. The message telegraphic reports of the doings of Congress, furnished by the daily press, though quite acceptable as well as interesting, fall far short of affording that information which is to be derived from the debates in Congress, as in the latter is contained about all that is known by our ablest statesmen concerning the subjects discussed. It is due to Mr. McCreary to say in this connection that his courtesy and kindness to us by no means exceptional, as the official record alluded to shows that he has been duly attentive to the interests of his constituents. As evidence of this fact we may mention that he has already presented and had referred to the proper committees upward of sixty petitions for the relief of as many citizens on account of war claims and pension claims. The correspondence necessary between the claimants and the Congressmen in regard to these matters and the preparation by him of their respective claims for presentation, involve the performance of a great deal of gratuitous labor—much more than a lazy or careless man ever would perform. One of our greatest misfortunes is that our average statesmen are so great to do anything. Indeed so prevalent and fashionable is this disability resulting from genius, that a man who while occupying a high public position condescends to keep sober and endeavor to render some actual service to the people who have honored him, is made the object of ridicule by not a few who ought to have more sense. We feel assured that the people of the 8th Congressional District need have no fears that their interests will suffer either from want of industry, vigilance or ability on the part of their present representative.

In a resolution requiring such report, the auditor informs the Legislature that during the last fiscal year he paid out to pro tem. Commonwealth's Attorneys \$4,492 and to the regular officers \$17,744.06. This is a swindle and raid upon the treasury that the courts eagerly connive at, and which ought to be summarily corrected. There was said to be no warrant in law for the paying of such claims, but the auditor says a decision of the Court of Appeals in 1877 furnishes his authority. In the third district the pro tem. attorneys got just a \$100 more than the man the Commonwealth pays to attend to her business. In this district \$100 was paid to pro tem men, or more than a third of what Mr. Warren gets. The leak should be plugged up forthwith.

A BILL is before the Legislature to make the carrying of concealed deadly weapons a felony. The present law is severe enough if it were properly executed. A better plan would be to take away the alleged right of the courts and Commonwealth's Attorneys to suspend judgment in such cases, which virtually annuls the law. We know of numerous cases of compromise and conviction in which the imprisonment part of the penalty was never inflicted. In fact we can recall no case of a man with money to pay his fine and lawyers ever having to stay the 10 days in jail. Let the law stay as it is and hold Commonwealth's Attorneys to a closer responsibility.

We have been holding our breath the better to hear the Hon. Fontaine Fox Bobbitt's promised resolution to dispense with ice water during the session, but so far the gladome action has not been vouchsafed. Can it be that Mr. Bobbitt is going back on a promise that was the burden of his speeches for years? Perish the thought! But it seems that he has lost his golden opportunity when he failed to present his mighty effort at retrenchment and reform during this unheard of cold spell.

BLESSINGS often come to us in disguise and Polk Johnson's recent defeat is now recognized by him in that light, for he says in the *C. J.* "Mr. Rowlett offered a resolution in the house at Frankfort yesterday to fix the salaries of the Clerks of that body at \$5 per day. The private station seems to be not only the post of honor in these days, but also the most profitable. It is a wise man who knows when to be defeated.

MR. ORFUTT's bill providing for a new constitution, which passed the House by such a decisive vote, is a decided improvement on former efforts in that direction. Heretofore the man who failed to vote was counted against the measure; if this bill becomes a law that feature is remedied, and a new constitution seems at last to have in sight. For all of which we shall be duly thankful.

WEAVER's bill to restore soldiers and sailors of the late war to their equal rights with the holders of Government bonds, appropriates \$300,000,000 to pay them the difference between the value of the currency they received and the standard gold coin of the United States. A sillier proposition was never offered, but it is far from absolutely certain that it will not become a law.

THE Agricultural Bureau is the most useless of several of Kentucky's sinécures. It has cost \$25,740.02 in nine years and nobody has been benefited but those who draw the salaries. We join the Covington Commonwealth in saying "Let the bureau be wiped out."

We hope Mr. Bobbitt will be able to get his bill passed to fix the peremptory jury challenges at 10 for both the Commonwealth and the defendant. Justice demands that they be equal.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—Mr. Johnson, of Nelson, has presented a bill to abolish the Bureau of Agriculture. Good boy.

—Speaker Offutt's bill for holding an election for calling a Constitutional Convention was passed 83 to 8.

—The law for the protection of food fishes will be repealed, if present indications are worth anything.

—A bill has been presented to make seduction of any female under sixteen years of age, under promise of marriage, a felony.

—The joint rule against local legislation received a black eye in the House, the Speaker ruling that the joint rules are not yet effective, not having been adopted by the Senate.

—A bill to prohibit convict labor in or about coal mines is before the House, but if adopted it can not go into effect until the expiration of the present four years' lease of the convicts.

—Mr. Straus has presented a bill to compel the various counties in the State to support their own pauper idiots, buy their own record books and pay for the transportation of all prisoners.

—Mr. Bobbitt presented an act to incorporate the Stanford Street Railway Company. Also, an act giving the Commonwealth and defendant in felony cases ten peremptory jury challenges each.

—Hon. D. L. Thornton, member of the House from Woodford, and one of the ablest lawyers of that body, not seeing his way clear to accepting free passes, has returned those sent him by the polite companies.

—Mr. Neale, of Graves, has presented a bill to reduce the number of petit jurors to eight to the panel and the grand jury to twelve. If it should become a law there would be a saving of \$77,258 per annum in jury expenses, which amounted to \$244,348 in 1885.

—The Governor nominated Hon. William A. Berkele, of Garrard county; W. L. Caldwell, of Boyle; J. S. VanWinkle, of Boyle; George R. McKee, of Kenton, and Horace S. Withers, of Lincoln, as Commissioners of the Kentucky Institution for Deaf Mutes, and the Senate confirmed the nominations.

—The State House at Frankfort is not as big as the Capitol at Washington, nor as imposing as the State House at Albany, but 'twill do, at least till the Branch Penitentiary at Eddyville is completed and the finances of the State are placed in better shape. No increase in the State tax just now.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Gen. Don Carlos Buell was confirmed as Pension Agent for Kentucky.

—The *Greensburg Times*, H. C. Cockerell editor, began its career Wednesday.

—By paying the \$10,000,000 bond call the government will save nearly \$1,000 a day interest.

—R. T. Sandusky, a well known Lexington man, committed suicide at Millersburg a few days ago.

—A collision on the B. & O. killed three persons in Indiana. The crew of one of the trains was asleep.

—The Yosemite hotel was burned last Sunday afternoon, defective flue being the origin.—[Herald.]

—The 18th Judicial district will nominate its officers on the 21 Saturday in March by primary election.

—In joint session of the Ohio Legislature, John Sherman received 84 and A. G. Thurman 62 votes for U. S. Senator.

—There will be no trouble about the Kentucky appointments. The Senate is confirming them without a word in batches of 25.

—Senator Beck states that he has no apprehension regarding the confirmation of any of the appointments made from Kentucky.

—At Aix-la-Chapelle a fire broke out in a spinning mill while the operatives were at work. Fifteen of them perished in the flames.

—Sam Gardner, the K. C. fireman who had his leg crushed and Wm. Davis, of Somerset, a brakeman on the same road, who was so badly injured during the holidays, both died Monday.

—Gen. Warner added to the long list of bills in the House a proposition that the surplus coin in the Treasury over and above \$50,000,000 shall be applied immediately to the reduction of the public debt.

—The Senate confirmed the nomination of Conrad N. Jordan to be Treasurer of the United States, and there can be no further doubt of his right to have charge of the Sub-Treasury in New York, vice Acton, removed.

—After four days' work the bodies of Col. M. H. Wright and Jabez Balmforth were found in the wreck of the building on Main street, Louisville, crushed but not burned. Death seems to have been instantaneous.

—Col. Edward Richardson, of Mississippi, the largest cotton planter in the world, died suddenly with paralysis at Jackson, Miss. He was President of the late World's Industrial Exposition at New Orleans, and a wealthy man.

—Gov. Bate has commuted the sentence of Wm. Spence, confined in the Nashville penitentiary on a life sentence for the murder of his son-in-law, Ed. S. Wheat, to five years from date. Spence will be 80 years old the day of his release.

—The republican House of Ohio, without the shadow of an investigation or contest having been made, unseated nine democrats from Hamilton county, giving their places to a like number of republicans. Some votes were wanted for John Sherman and the democrats had to go.

—All the railroads in Nebraska, practically at a standstill for the last ten days, are again getting their rolling stock in motion.

—That never-failing evidence of intense cold, the ice-bridge, has formed at Niagara, and it is believed that it has come to stay through the season.

—Curtin, of Pennsylvania, declines to accept the chairmanship of the committee on Banking and Currency for reasons of his own and the position will devolve on Mr. Miller, of Texas.

—B. W. Dutton, of Pulaski county, who has been in jail here since August, under a sentence for violating the Internal Revenue law, took the insolvent debtor's oath yesterday and was released.—[Louisville Times.]

—While Matt. Keys, under arrest for murder, was being conveyed from Trippe Station, Ark., to Arkansas City, he plunged head first through the car window, struck a wheelbarrow standing by the track and was taken up dead.

—W. P. Harris, General Superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio, Pittsburg division, resigned Saturday last. Mr. Harris was formerly connected with the Louisville and Nashville road and will probably return to that road.

—Reports from Florida say that all oranges remaining on the trees are frozen and the lemon trees in Northern Florida are probably killed, but beyond losing their leaves, it is not believed that the orange trees are injured anywhere in the State.

—The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Hunter Wood, for Revenue Collector of the Second Kentucky District, and of George H. Davidson, for the Sixth District. No explanation as to the non-confirmation of the other Kentucky Collectors.

—Mr. Ingalls, rep., offered a resolution in the Senate that in the opinion of the body the compulsory coinage of silver dollars, directed by the law of Feb. 23, 1873, should not be suspended until the aggregate reaches the sum of \$500,000,000.

—Large numbers of negroes are leaving North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama for the West. The movement is caused chiefly by high rents, bad crops and the defective tenant system in that section of the South. Good wages are offered in Arkansas, Colorado and California.

—The same newspapers who so valiantly defended Gov. Blackburn for his wholesale system of pardons and remissions of fines, now as heartily commend Gov. Knott's opposite policy. This practice of toadying to the man in power is thoroughly contemptible.—[Covington Messenger.]

—There is no chance for the suspension of silver coinage by the present Congress. It is useless for the financiers of the East to cherish the delusive hope. All the speculation about the composition of the Committee on Coinage is secondary. It will make little difference what the committee may do. The House itself is strongly against the suspension of coinage.—[N. Y. World.]

—Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 13.—This has been the longest and severest cold spell ever felt in Florida. The loss in oranges on the trees, according to Capt. Ives, Manager of the Florida Fruit Exchange, is \$1,000,000. The loss to the vegetables is immense, some men having sixty to a hundred acres killed. Water pumps, tanks, etc., were frozen solid here yesterday. Skating was indulged in upon the pond, a scene never before witnessed in Florida.

—Senator Payne, of Ohio, is said to be much annoyed by the charges made by S. K. Donovan, to the effect that his election to the Senate was brought about through bribery. The Ohio Legislature yesterday took cognizance of the matter and appointed a committee to investigate the charges, so far as they affect certain members of the General Assembly who were mentioned in the Donovan article as having accepted bribes to vote for Mr. Payne.

—Senator Beck has offered a resolution that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed in all payments hereafter made of interest on the bonds and notes of the United States, and in the purchase or payment of one per cent. of the entire debt of the United States for the sinking fund, as now required by law, to pay out gold and silver coin as nearly as possible in the same proportion in which gold coin and certificates were received during the preceding fiscal year for duties on imported goods.

—Senator Blackburn has presented a remonstrance against the establishment of the Eastern Judicial District of Kentucky. The remonstrance is signed by Alvin Duval, D. W. Lindsay, W. P. Bush, J. Stoddard Johnston, James W. Tate, W. J. Chinn, Ira Julian, George C. Drain and Wm. Lindsay. These distinguished gentlemen say that while such a court would foster the interests of some cities and provide places for worthy gentlemen, the good it would do the people at large would not warrant the outlay of public money.

A noticed statistician, Edward Atkinson, insists that there is an abundance of room yet in the world. The 1,400,000,000 persons supposed to be on the globe could all find easy standing room within the limits field ten miles square, and by the aid of a telephone could be addressed at one time by a single speaker.

Try to be something in the world and you will be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I can not do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try" has wrought wonders.—[Hawes.]

A California murderer went to the gallows with a cigarette in his mouth. He died soon after. We have always contended that cigarettes were unwholesome.

When a young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably owns that she may reap.

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

FUTHERGHER, INDIA, Dec. 8th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR.—The woodwork department of the great gun carriage factory in the Fort is a very interesting sight. Here, side by side with the most elaborate and costly, perfected machinery from England, that turns and shapes wood with automatic movements perfectly amazing; you will see natives squatting at their work, rough implements in hand, and giving finishing touches, that only manual labor can supply. They must be allowed in this, however, to use the tools they have been trained to employ all their lives. And wonderfully skillful they are; using toes as we do fingers; squatting where we stand, and generally doing everything we would not think of doing. The European superintendents try to get lots of 12 to 14 years now and train them gradually to the use of all the machinery. They are docile and ingenious and give excellent satisfaction. I spoke in my last of the great stores of seasoned lumber in the Fort store-rooms. A few days ago in rummaging for a suitable piece of timber for some particular work they got out one stick of "Sheeshum" that was stored in 1823! It was just the bit required. 62 years of "seasoning" in this climate must have pretty effectually excluded the native moisture from that stick of wood.

How intense the interest in going over the ramparts of the old fort, with an intelligent guide, to stand upon the very spot where indomitable valor held the recently manned bastions against overwhelming odds. There were but 30 capable of bearing arms, when the Sepoys broke into open mutiny, and all who could took refuge in this fort, and prepared to make a stand for dear life.

Only 3 of the 8 bastions could be held at all by the little handful. The brave chaplain took his place with the rest and fought gallantly. One woman, the wife of a Sergeant, who had been killed, took his rifle and his place and made havoc by her accurate aim among the besiegers.

The women and children were quite sheltered during the siege in the large bungalow, where every night we sat down at the Major's hospitable table, to dinner, after the evening services. For nine days, harassed by day and night, the intrepid garrison fought, repelling repeated and desperate assaults; and at last, seeing further resistance hopeless, took to their boats on the 10th night and dropped down the Ganges.

Alas! the treacherous river seemed in league with the blood thirsty human tigers, who organized a swift pursuit. The fugitives, stranded on sandbanks, were overtaken in turn and all perished or were captured, to die at a later date—save two only. It deepens the sadness of their fate to know that their heroic courage availed nothing—as did the equally persistent valor of the Lucknow garrison. Last Friday evening the Major and I walked round the rampart and he went over that little was known of the thrilling events of that 9 days' siege, as told by the two survivors. At one spot the mutineers had sprung a mine, which laid a portion of the "curtain" in ruins; but—albeit mangled for an assault—were deterred from an attempt to enter the breach by the brave Chaplain Fisher, standing alone in it and firing rapidly, supported by a few enfilading rifles in the contiguous bastions right and left. Their second mine, however was right under the principle bastion, which could not be countermined for lack of hands to do the work—all being fully employed in mounting guard—and so the desperate garrison were obliged to take to their boats under cover of night and flee down the Ganges. Major Mackenzie told me that when he was recovering, with that, his bungalow, a few years ago, buried in the old straw roof, he found, besides numberless musket balls—one 9 pound solid shot, and several bags of resin that had been fired into the thatch with the hope of burning them out. But the fires had gone out and they did no damage.

Bro. Woodside, in looking over a box of old papers came across a very interesting relic—given him years ago by some English officer, illustrating the way in which the present British National Standard or "Union Jack" came to have its present form. As all know, it has three red crosses on a deep blue ground. Only two crosses are visible, as those of St. Andrew and St. Patrick are shaped alike. The three are—St. George, of England; St. Andrew, of Scotland; and St. Patrick, of Ireland. The St. George is a red "Latin" cross—as it is called—consisting of the upright and cross beam, we are all so familiar with as the dreadful implement of torture and death, upon which the world's Redeemer suffered death for all. This is on a pure white ground.

St. Andrew's, is a white cross on a deep, blue ground; but the position is not that of Calvary. It is the cross of "Our Father Jacob's" arms as he blessed Ephraim the younger, over Manasseh the Elder, by the unexpected manœuvre that awakened Joseph's displeasure (Gen. 38:13-20). His outstretched arms thus intersecting each other, give us Scotland's emblem. This, on a blue ground—emblem of unchanging love; like the azure of the immeasurable sky, above; and the depths of the unbounded ocean beneath. St. Patrick's again is different. This is a red cross—still "Our Father Jacob's" like St. Andrew's, but on a pure white ground, as is St. George's. Here we have the legend of scripture preserved, but on a basis of holiness and purity.

Indeed, LOVE divine, doing its work—on the basis of an everlastingly rectitude, that will even respect the devil's dice and save us, though the heart's blood flows out, drop by drop, in doing it—this is the great redemption, of which all scripture tells.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE]

To The Public.

We have tried the credit business thoroughly and we don't like it. We think we know when we have enough of anything, and hence on and

After January 1

—We will sell goods—

—FOR—

CASH
EXCLUSIVELY.

We know this will meet with the approval of a great many of you who prefer paying the cash, and to those who have been running accounts we will say that we will offer such extraordinary inducements in

LOW PRICES

That you will find it to your interest to borrow the money, if you haven't it, to deal with us.

We know this is a new departure in Stanford, but we believe that all of you who pay your debts will help us in carrying this out.

In selling for cash we will save several thousand dollars a year in hire of book keepers, had debts, &c., and in order to make our new system popular, we propose to give our customers the benefit of this saving and more, too. We propose to make you a saving of from 10 to 25 per cent. on all goods bought from us. We will "cut" prices to such an extent that no one who BUYS and SELLS on a credit can meet them.

We wish right here to thank those who have given us their very liberal patronage in the past and ask the privilege of returning the favor by selling them goods CHEAPER than they have ever bought them before.

BRIGHT & METCALF.

Well Paid Employment!

Can always be secured by you, if you are a competent *Shorthand Writer*. This you may become in a few months, at very little expense, by entering the

Shorthand Institute at Louisville, Ky., or Nashville, Tenn.

While Shorthand and Typewriting claims our attention our students can receive the very best tuition in PENMANSHIP, ARITHMETIC and BOOK-KEEPING at greatly reduced rates. If you can not come to us,

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Send for Circulars to Professor H. A. HALE, Principal Shorthand Institute. Address him either at Nashville, Tenn., or Louisville, Ky., whichever is the most convenient point for your self.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG,

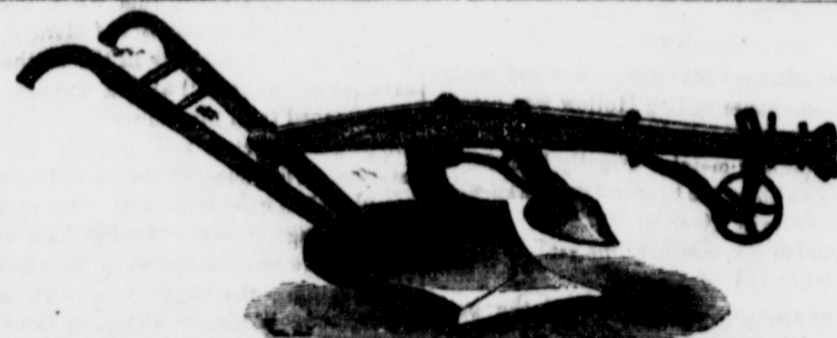
DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, Stanford, Ky.

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Paints, Books, Stationery, Liquor, Pocket Cutlery, Oils, Soap, Stationery, Cigars, Tobacco, Fire Arms, Needles, Lamps, Perfumery.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks promptly and in the best style.



Over 100,000 Sold Last Year.—Victorious in Every Field Contest.

FARMERS & FLOWERS.—You should use nothing but the Oliver Chilled Plow, because they are adapted to all kinds of soil and will do first-class work in sod or stubble. The mouldboards are thoroughly chilled, have no soft spots in them and will scour any soil. Oliver's metal will not corrode. The heaviest coat of rust that can accumulate on it will be entirely removed by a few minutes use. The "Oliver" is a thoroughly centre draft Plow, having a sloping landside, which does away with the pressure found on all straight plows. The Oliver Chilled Plow has hundreds of imitators. No manufacturer will try to imitate an inferior plow. The "Oliver" has a record unparalleled in the history of plow making, from 1,500 in 1870 to over 100,000 in 1885. Your neighbors will tell you to buy the "Oliver" and take no other. It will break hard dry ground when no other plow will. Also have the Globe Imperial Steel Plow, which is making a record here unequalled by any Steel Plow. Try them and be convinced.

W. H. HIGGINS.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS,

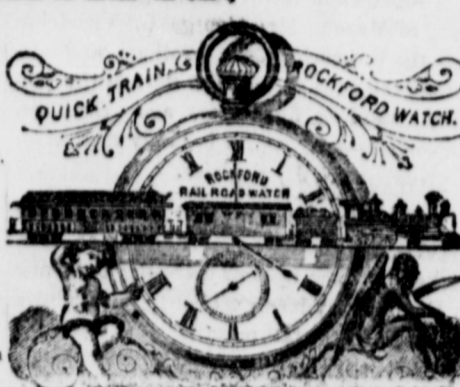
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Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.



APPARATUS 58.

(Inter Ocean German Translation.)

"I will tell you of the case of which I spoke, provided you will hold your tongue about it," said the doctor, drawing his visiting book from his pocket, and settling himself with the air of a professional storyteller. "The lady who was the patient in the case is still alive and one of the loveliest women in the city. It would never do for an indiscretion of mine to be the means of enlightening her as to the facts which, up to this time, we have carefully kept from her."

"The speaker was one of a party of four gentlemen gathered about a lavishly spread table in a private room of the Vier Jahreszeiten, Munich. Tall, broad-shouldered, and with one of those huge heads so characteristic of German men in type, Cornelius Schorn, surgeon-in-chief of the royal obsequious clinic, would have been a noticeable figure in any assemblage."

Superbly furnished, brilliant with light, and fragrant with the delicate aroma of Bordeaux and Burgundy, the room was a picture of cheerful and convivial comfort. Outside the drawn curtains a will night was closing around the city; the keen and cutting wind, driving straight from the Bavarian Alps, swept through the narrow streets with the fury of an enraged lion. All the afternoon the storm had been howling and shrieking. At the corners of the square, where the blasts were strongest, hats and caps were whirled from the heads of the people as they struggled up the steep incline, and, dancing merrily to the grim melody of the gale, escaped from sight."

Headless of the increasing storm, out of doors the gentlemen so pleasantly engaged with the delicacies before them eagerly ascended to the doctor's wish for silence.

Gathering more closely about the table they awaited patiently the disclosure, certain to be an interesting one unless Schorn's reputation as a raconteur was greatly over-rated.

"Three years ago," he began, "worn out by the year's work, a brief let-up was absolutely necessary if I wished to avoid completing places with my patients. After completing preparations to join a party of friends on a hunting expedition into the Austrian Tyrol, I was sitting in the office on the morning of the 13th of August, waiting simply until it was time to take the train. Always the servant of the people, a doctor never knows that anticipated vacations can be realized until actually under way; therefore, I was not at all surprised when the bell pealed furiously and a messenger entered with a summons to the bedside of an old friend at Berg, dying of consumption. Hastily telegraphing the party to go on without me, I jumped into the carriage and in an hour's time stepped from the train at Berg."

"It was very late in the evening before I returned to Munich, the clocks in the neighborhood striking 12 as the schnell-zug pulled into the depot. The night, a fearfully cold and sultry one, promised to end later on in one of those summer tempests, brief in duration, but frequently of a terribly destructive character. The storm brought out by the heaviness of the atmosphere from the gutters and filthy thoroughfares of that part of the city known as the old town was overpowering. Far advanced in the arts and sciences, Munich is a city which has yet much to learn of sanitary principles. The ride before me was a long one. Throwing myself back upon the cushions, I closed my eyes, and before I knew it had dropped into a doze. I slept perhaps twenty minutes or more with that heavy, dreamless slumber always the result of fatigue and unusual emotion. I doubt whether I should have awakened at all had not the abrupt bouncing and swaying of the carriage, checked suddenly, raised me to consciousness. In the obscurity of the night, I distinguished the figure of a man, gesticulating violently for us to stop, and evidently in a state of intense excitement. Without waiting for me to question him he gasped out the intelligence between his labored breaths that something was wrong at the Sönderbrunn-erthor's 'dead-house' (the new Göttinger recently finished in the outskirts of the town)."

"For God's sake, Herr Doctor," cried the man, as he saw us driving off, 'go as if the devil was after you!'"

"The pace at which we traveled the Maximilianstrasse would assuredly have distanced any devil of my acquaintance," added the doctor, with a smile. "Sparks of fire fairly rained from the iron heels of the flying horses, and the thundering of the hoofs on the hollow planking of the bridge, sounded in the silence of the night like the tread of an army under a quick movement. With the lights of Munich once behind us, it was not long, with a clear highway, before we were standing at the Sönderbrunn-erthor's gateway, rising the grimness of sentinels in front of this closed hell by death. The scene upon which I entered, piloted by the guard watching for my arrival, beggars description. The hall before the dead-house doors was literally packed with cowering attendants, white as ashes with terror, and all talking at once. I gathered from their confounding statements that a devil of a dismembered soul was loose in the building and ringing the alarm. 'It is bound to be so,' Herr Doctor,' persisted the attendant on duty night at the time; 'it is bound to be so, for No. 53 is dead as ever she was; I saw her myself, but the signal is down, and we all heard the bell ring.' You might as well reason with the waves of the sea as to attempt to dissipate the inborn superstitions of the lower German classes. I did not even attempt to disturb it. If they chose to believe that 'souls walked' and 'battered airily back and forth between the gloomy walls of their temporary prison,' no words of mine could have effect."

"Finding me determined to face the worst, whatever it might be, the door was reluctantly opened and I was admitted. The huge and dismal apartment was but dimly lighted by scattered gas jets. Blown by the stifling breeze coming through the open windows, the flickering light from the burners wavered in shifting light and shadow across the appearance of motion to the drawn lips and sightless eyes. To one unaccustomed to the aspect of the dead, the heavy lids seem really to stir, to struggle against the lethargy laid upon them by the grimest foe of mankind. I have never known the time when these rooms, erected for the lying in state of the dead before burial, were not crowded to the doors. At this time, perhaps, as many as fifty bodies—men, women and children—were resting upon stretchers. In the urgent hurry of our errand it was impossible, so closely did the stretchers stand, to pass between them without striking against the bodies themselves. The caskets, standing at the head of all of them, waiting their consignment of ghastly freight, did much to add to the hideousness of the scene. Strong as I am, and accustomed in the daily round of medical work to sights of horror, I found myself now overcome."

"At last, in the farthest corner of the room, where the shadows clustered thickest, the attendant stopped beside a trestle which supported the slender figure of a woman re-

clining in a half-sitting position upon a couch of natural flowers, in a life-like attitude—a fancy of the professional entrepreneur. Clasped in the embrace of the signaling instrument, she seemed to have thrown herself down in the abandon of fatigue and thus to have fallen asleep. Many a pallid face has rested quietly in these gruesome surroundings, deaf to the whispered words of love and agony spoken above it; but the hall had never roofed a figure more beautiful—frail and emaciated as it was—than the one before me. The delicate form lay there as peacefully and quietly as if at any moment it might be and tear itself free from the billows of satin and lace, hesitating like a snail in its shell. It seemed impossible that the signal could have sounded from this still and silent frame lying upon its strange couch, lifeless, frozen, a lovely waxen image, buried beneath exquisite flowers, but without a sign of life to account for the turned signal. It gave some coloring to the curious belief in the resurrection of the dead expressed by the frightened attendants. As a physician whose work keeps him always in contact with the grim realities of grief and pain, not to speak of things which must be classed with the distinctly inexplicable, I readily understood the terror with which the superstitious German nature regarded this night alarm—alarm made doubly hideous by the knowledge that it came from a woman once—and apparently still—deserted by its soul."

"Personally I do not believe in the establishment of these rooms in Göttingen," continued the doctor. "The revival of life occurs too seldom to justify the offense against delicacy of feeling brought about by this exposing of the dead and exhibition of private grief. To realize the full repulsive nature of the practice, fancy a dearly-loved member of your own family resting in these haunts of sorrow, guarded by a hired woman whose tenderness and care are measured by the length of your purse and their own unreasoning terror."

"Without crediting the existing of anything uncanny in the matter, I believe there is a cause for everything, I had begun to be considerably puzzled myself. Lifting the shrunken wrist I sought for a trace of pulsation—the faintest would have given me a hope—but cold and white as marble the delicate hand lay in mine, a spray of roses falling from the nervous fingers. A subtle something—dread, half recognition—made me stoop closely above the body. I felt that I knew it, and shrank from the shock of actual recognition. Flushing aside the tresses of hair falling over the brow and concealing the features, I could not control a cry of astonishment when in the rigid form before me I saw the young Baronin Friesbach, a girl when I had last seen her, or rather a newly made matron in all the robes of the first months of married life. The shock was the greater from the fact that I had heard nothing of her illness, or of her, as she had gone at once to the Friesbach estate, in the environs of Heidelberg. I redoubled my efforts; I sought in every possible way to discover a sign of remainder or reviving life. It was in vain. To all appearances stone dead, she slept peacefully on, with all the strange and unaccountable weight about the body which comes when death has frozen the veins with an icy chill. The moments passed rapidly by, but without apparent change in the condition of things."

"Hansel," I said, sternly, turning to the man who was standing at my side, his face still chattering from his paroxysm of fright, 'you have certainly made some mistake. The signal must have been turned by accident or carelessness.'"

"Gott in Himmel! No, Herr Doctor, that would be impossible; nothing could touch the instrument; see for yourself," pointing to the one attached to the body, which, if you have entered these rooms at Göttingen, you know to be precisely similar to those in use in the regular French morgues."

"The words had scarcely left his lips before, with a scream of wildest terror, Hansel dropped upon his knees, shuddering, half-crazed, and with one shaking finger directing my attention to the apparatus above us. Looking up I saw that the arm of the instrument was moving slowly, tremulously, but unquestionably moving. I watched it with almost the same amount of wonderment that Hansel exhibited, while it rose, trembled, and fell upon the gong, with a stroke hardly stronger than the blow of an infant, but so delicately were these signaling instruments arranged, instantly followed by the warning rattling, was but the work of an instant to follow with my finger the course of the wire which attached the instrument to the body. I found that after leaving the battery this wire passed down and around the neck of the corpse, pressing closely like a tight necklace upon the carotid artery, naturally the first place, from its connection with the heart, where reviving life currents would be perceptible. The mystery was no longer a mystery. The warning signal had undoubtedly been sounded by the throbbing artery. Coming at long and irregular intervals the pulsation either failed to occur while I was engaged in my efforts at resuscitation, or through some derangement of the body itself, caused by those efforts, had failed to be announced."

"The Baronin Friesbach lived! the throbbing artery proved it. Muscular contraction, as any physician will tell you, is entirely possible in the dead. Arterial movements are totally different in character and are susceptible of but one explanation—that life is not dead, but sleeping. 'As this is a record of plain facts, with no necessity for a dramatic climax, as in fiction, formulated theories as to the cause of such attacks would be useless. Whatever had been the cause, the result was a semblance of death that would deceive the closest scrutiny. I am not the only physician who has been driven into a labyrinth of indecision by such experiences. Indeed, we are not in such cases justified in using anything in the shape of remedial agents, except such drugs as act as prompters to torpid organs, the sort of position occupied by the man under the baize at the opera."

"After dispatching a messenger for a case of surgical instruments and a powerful galvanic battery I had the Baronin Friesbach lifted from her resting place among these grim companions, and, warmly wrapped in blankets, placed in the carriage. She was still unconscious, but was evidently returning to a state which, if not exactly life, bordering too closely upon it to risk the shock which the sight of her surroundings would inevitably produce. Having also instructed the manager who had gone with my instruments to warn the family of my arrival with my sad burden, there was nothing to detain us. As we passed into the drowsy freshness of the early morning the rising sun was just beginning to throw long and slender figures of light through the widely-opened windows."

"Catalepsy," continued the doctor, after a thoughtful pause, "is one of an endless series of nervous disorders which science has never fully conquered or comprehended. It unquestionably exists, but not, as old women's tales would have us believe, invariably accompanied by the hellish torture of white or even semi-unconsciousness. In the Baronin's case, whatever the cause of the suspension of life's forces, she was, and accounted in the daily round of medical work to sights of horror, I found myself now overcome."

"At last, in the farthest corner of the room, where the shadows clustered thickest, the attendant stopped beside a trestle which supported the slender figure of a woman re-

from the moment when the delirium inseparable from violent fever had set in."

"She complained to me afterward of having suffered under a painful sensation of weight and of a stinging or pricking in the arms and legs—as nearly as I could gather from her confused statements the kind of feeling which accompanies the rousing of a limb which has been, as laymen term it, 'asleep.'"

"Of the funeral ceremonies, the grief and agony of her family, the long line of coroneted carriages blocking the broad streets filled with sorrowing friends, following her to her eternal rest, she knew absolutely nothing. Not being the Friesbachs' family attendant at that time it was necessary, in order to avoid arousing her suspicions, to masquerade in the character of the consulting physician. A judicious outlay of golden thalers secured the silence of the Göttinger officials, from whom the most dangerous was to be feared, and to this hour she is ignorant of the three days spent in the dreadful depths of the Göttinger 'dead' house."

"None of us," continued Schorn, after a moment's silence, "ever professed to believe in a special Providence, but after this it would be difficult for me to doubt that this at least is a page in the life of one man or woman upon which a supreme care has set its seal. It was never blind chance that kept me, for the first time in twenty years, from taking a badly needed rest, or a combination of circumstances only, which threw me—granting that the services of any other physician would have done as well—directly in the way of Göttinger's messenger at a most unusual hour, or kept me at my post of mercy when the last hope and resource known to science had seemingly failed."

Pooler, the Noted London Tailor.

(Philadelphia Press.)

The craze for English clothes brings up stories of Pooler, the noted tailor of London, who cut clothes for all the crowned heads of Europe. At a New York club recently a gentleman told how he once followed the great tailor. "Money brings a man no consideration at Pooler's," said he. "You must take a letter of introduction before they will design to look at you. They don't expect your money under three years. If you pay in one year you get a big discount. If you pay in two years you get a smaller discount. No matter who you are, once on their books you can order clothing sent to you at any point on the globe. But you must first be introduced."

"It was my first year in London that I remarked to a friend that I guessed I would go to Pooler's and order some clothes. The idea never entered my head that I couldn't drop in as I would to a tailor's at home and get anything I liked. I had to call on my friend to tell me the situation. I made him a bet that I would get an overcoat from Pooler, for which he was to pay if I managed it without a letter. I went in, and a portly man presented himself and asked what could be done for me. I told him I wanted some clothing, and then began to feel about my pockets. 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'I find I don't carry a letter to my boss for the letter that Lord Tomnoddy gave me.' 'Don't mention it,' said he; 'it's quite satisfactory. I assure you.' So I ordered what I wanted and went out and reported to my friend, who had awaited developments in a cab, expecting to be called in to vouch for me. All he said was, 'You've won your bet; but I would like to know what particular lie you told, for, of course, you lied to him some how.' Pooler himself died several years ago. He was a portly and fine-appearing man. I was surprised when told that he was a Yankee. He started in life in Springfield, Mass."

Some genius proposes to bring out a steam roller-suit. It is difficult to see the advantage of it, but it is a new idea. They get ahead of the wearer as it is.—(Boston Transcript.)

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. M. L. Bourne.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c. Nasal injector free. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chalks, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furrier Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells an experience that "For three years I have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world." Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, ex-Com. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., was being troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but it cured him of his cough, and he is now a healthy man. He writes: "I have never found anything equal to Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchioli's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchioli's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Eruptions, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses, Springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Prices \$1 and \$5 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchioli, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, to W. A. Noves, Rue de la Paix, 109, Paris, France.

Be Warned

In time, Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McEllan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884. 'For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill.' EDWIN HARPER."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

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